

The Herald and News

UNCLE WASH'S
ARRAIGNMENT.THE OLD TIME DARKEY ARRESTED
FOR SELLING WHISKEY.He Pleads His Own Case, Convinces the
Judge and Captivates the Jury.

"I ain't nudder tole you 'bout de time dey had me up befo' de judge at Atlantur fur makin' widout license er little uv dat hecker dat makes kings uv us all?" asked Uncle Wash the other day. "I don't know how in de worl' dey coteh me," continued the old darkey, "fur I'd bin makin' it ever since de war up in de holler at de Indian Camp Springs whar de Indian made it long ago befo' enny of us wuz born—jes' fo' or five gallons ter keep de ole man's cow catcher gwine," he continued, "an' I don't see how in de worl' dese beah river new officers foun' it out. But dey did an' fur one time de ole man was sho' in a tight place.

"You see," he continued, "it ain't everybody who kno's how to make good whiskey. I don't mean dis hear stuff what de po' white trash makes up in de mountings so strong and vile, dat when you oncorc a bottle of it on dis yearth it make de debbil sneeze in de reguns below. But I'm talkin' about sho' 'nuff whiskey—whiskey dat sho' 'nuff white folks drink—so puore and ripe dat all you haf er do is oncorc de stopper on dis yearth and watch de roses bloom in paradise.

"You must make it in October," he said, knowingly, "erbout de time de fall poet begins to write his poem on de golden rod, when de leas begins to turn purple an' golden an' de air am crisp an' sparkling, an' de spring water am full ob falling nuts an' de 'romer ob de sweet dew. You mus' koteh yore water from outen a col' spring dat flows from under some sweet paw paw tree runnin' ober a bed rock ob blue limestone in which a few acorns done drape to give it de streuf ob de oak tree. Den sum night when de moon am full and de sent ob de wild haws fill all de air, jes go out—but dar now," he said laughingly, "what's all dat gotter do wid dis story. Neber min, jes you come roun' to my oabin sum day chile an lemme let you taste it onet. It's den you'll see de gates ob glory open fur a minit er two, and de ladder ob konsolashun run up and down twixt de heaben and de yearth. O, its den you'll wish yore neck was er spiral pipe runnin' roun' and roun' so dat one drink would baster go fifty miles befo' it got outter sight," and the old man laughed heartily.

"But dey koteh me," he continued, "and dey tuk me to Atlantur and when dey put me in de prison folks all got 'roun' me an' cried an' tole me good bye an' my wife she took it pow'ful hard an' she wanted to go an' git de preacher to come and pray fur me. Dats de way wid sum kristsuns," said the old man with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, "dey willin' ernuff to play hide an' seek wid de debbil long as dey think dem am safe but jes as soon as dey gits koteched up wid den dey wanten go in pardnership wid de Lord. Huh! dey didn't skerr me 'tall an' jes say to me wife 'look heah Dinah you jes stop yore wallin' an' bellowin' an' go on home an' ef I aint dar by cane grinding time you jes go on an' marry Brer Peter Dawson, de preacher, an' on de night ob yore weddin' supper you jes go down to de medder spring dig fo' foot under it and fetch out dat blase demmejohn ob bred-in-the-purple lickin' I berried dar fo' teen years ergo, an' you an' Brer Pe-

ter jes drink it to my health fur ef you don't its so good an' puore an' ripe it will rise itself sum day."

"She kno' dat I was gwine to stay in dis jail," chuckled the old man, "I didn't make dat whiskey fur my wife's secun' husban' to drink. Huh! I he l no notion ob stayin' heah in dis jail 'til cane-grindin' time. Not fur makin' good whiskey—nowef I made mean whiskey dat ud been ernudder thing, an' I'd bin willin' to plead guilty and say farewell," he added.

"Den dey saunt er lattle lawyer to me an' he say he gwil prove I was er yallerby—don't you see yo'self I'm as black es er cro—an' he say he gwil git out er writ of circum cum fetchem an' ignis fat you-us an' abet-er corpus dat jedge myself and I wuz gwil file er cross-cut saw bill into dat cote sho'."

"Jes' fo' de trial cum off I saunt down to my wife an' tole her to dig up dat gallun I dun berried down dar in de medder fo' teen years befo' an' to fill up dat decatur my ole marster gib we befo' he die an' to foteh it to me.

"You nurver seed dat decatur is you suh?"

"Oh! I tell you my ole master was a high roller an' dat decatur was er picture in er looking glass. It was as thick es de roun' pastern ob er race hoss, and made ob one solid piece ob cut glass, carved in cameos an' Greek goddermites an' de stopper itself was de haib ob de Venus herself, on er bust—leastwise dat whut ole master sed—an' he lowed she was sho' in de proper place to be on a bust. I tell you suh when dat whiskey got in dat decatur it look lak de grape juice ob heaben koteh in er dimon urn an, framed in de classic glory ob de anshunt Greeks. When de sunlight all on it, it look lak er big blazin' ruby sot in de crown ob er cherubin.

"I slip it under my coate an' went into de cote room. An' dar dey played er mean triok on me fur dey sot me down in de same pen wid er lot ob po' white trash from de mountings dat had been koteh in de mean act ob makin' wild cat whiskey. Gord suh it made me mad fur I wan't used to 'seshatin' wid dat kind ob white folks.

"Torreckly de jedge an' de jury cum in an' de lawyer took me off an' say he bin 'ployed to offen' me. De jedge sot down an' red out 'New-nighted State ergin Washington Grundy'."

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"When I seed I had 'em on de morner's bench, suh, den it was my time. I drawed myself up two or three foot higher, buttoned up my ole King Alfred cote an' under link an' sed:

"'An' now gemmen ob de jury seuce dis Newnighted States government dun seen fit to 'raign me I wauter 'raign hit. I've been beah befo' your honor, I've bin head to listen to de greates lawyer de State ob Georgy ever raised, my ole marster de 'Onebul Felix Grundy, an' time an' ergin I've seed 'im stand ra' heah in dis very cote dat I've got on an' dis very room an' spake de roof wid de thunder ob his larnin' an' de lightnin' ob his wit. Allers on de side ob de po', allers on de side ob jestus. An' ef he was erlive today he'd git up heah an' say to you all let dis ole nigger go an' you kno' you'd do it.

"'In de good ole days gemmen he tort me many things. He tort me to be true, to tell de truf an' to raise horses. Men lak him an' you're fathers gemmen tuck my ancestors out ob de jungles at barbarity an' led us into de blessed temple ob religion an' light. Dey made slaves ob us to do it gemmen, but I thang Gord I was erlowed to be a slave in dis world fur de sake ob bein' eternally free in de naixt. Meny and meny er time gemmen I've driv my ole marster in his chearint an' fo' an' he'd tell you hisef, suh, ef he was heah today I'm de onliest nigger in de whole State ob Georgy dat can drive a thurrrer bred fo' 'im—ha' holdin' de ribbons wid de fo' fingers ob de lef han' an' playin' on de tender mous'es gently es er lady touches de strings ob de light gittar. He made er kristun an' er gennelman, aigneated my po' cannibal palit to de glory ob Georgy mutton an' de sweetness ob Georgy beef. An' it was from his side boad I fuss got de taste ob dat lickin you jest tasted—dat lickin dat makes kings ob us all—an' all I wanted in dis world was ter stay wid him twell I die. But in my ole aige heah come dis Newnighted States government an' sot me free—an' O! marsters dey sot me free indeed—free from de freinds I lubbed, free from de campenry ob gennerman, free from de good things ob dis worl, an' wuz ob all from de sight but not de apperite ob dat lickin dat makes kings ob us all. 'Stid ob drivin' a chearint down de pike of de valley ob plenty, I mus' plow a leetle tow haided mule on de flinty hill sides ob poverty. 'Stid ob 'seshatin' wid larned men who sot in de grate cotes ob dis country an' de cotes ob de king I mus' be cussed an' mocked by de hill billy an' de po' white trash an' forced to 'seshate wid lowlived an' no mannered niggers an' field hans. An' stid ob drinking de lickin ob life from de decatur on de sideboard in my ole aige I'm forced to drink de branch of poverty from de goured dat grows in de gardin. Raised on roast beef but now I haster hustle to git bacon; raised on de lick ob civilization but now I has ter drink de branch water ob barbarity. When I remember de things I nester in my youth sumtimes now de temptation to lib lak a gennelman nearly overcomes me. After all dis gennelman wid you send de ole man up?"

"'No by de eternal we will not!"

"An' dey all crowd 'roun' me soon es dey jour cote dey shook my han' an' de jedge tech me on de arman' say:

"'Heah Washington de jury have found you not guilty. Heah am fifty dollars to pay the rivernew on de naixt run you make at de Indian Camp Spring an' ef it happen to be a leetle too much to pay de rivernew why you jes send the balance in dat lickin dat makes kings ob us all too your friend, de jedge ob de Southern District of de New-nighted States of Georgy.'"

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"De jedge he smile an' de jury laf—Gord bless you honey dey knows er gennerman when dey meet him in de rode, too, an' de jedge he tells me I has de right to make any explunashun I wants—dat was my privilage an' when he said dat I jes made 'm er low bow wid my hat under my arm and sez I, 'Thank you marster, you am er gennerman sho,' an' er jedge lak de jedges ob de Bible.' An' I laid aside my ole hat, button up tight my ole double breasted King Elfrud cote dat ole marster gin me whut he ust wear when he made big speeches an' I sez:

"'Marse jedge an' gennerman ob de jury yo sees befo' you heah a pore ole nigger koteh in de act ob manu-factorin' fur his stomick's sake a leetle ob dat divine stuff dat makes kings ob us all an' fur dat reezin foteh up in his ole aige befo' his honorable cote fur transgrashuns ob de law. You ax me ef I'm guilty ob makin' whiskey—dat wild cat stuff dat makes de rag weeds bloom in paradise and turn de roses ob hope into de dog fennal ob despair an' I tells you no. But ef you ax me ef I'm guilty ob makin' a leetle ob dat divine lickin which turns de tuncless hart ob be mos' wretched and misera-ble ob mankind into a hall wid harps of a thousan' strings es I neber tole a lie in my life I mus' tell you yes."

"'Not dat vile stuff dat kills our moral swashun an' lays us in de gutter wid de dorgs but dat blessed angel ile which taken in moderashun es er gennerman should, clothes de beggar in silk, makes friends fur de friendless and coins gold fur de gold-less. Dis am de lickin dat turns rags into roses, ole maids inter bloom-in' gals an' er grabe yard funeral discourse into er poem on paradise. Dat puts cheerity into our hearts, youth into our veins and spreads er warm comfort ob lub oder de feather bed ob de yuniverse. Dis am de lickin dat unlocks de doors ob de magernashun an' leeds de poets mind through de streets of gold wid crystal pillars up to de wall ob amerthest, up to de battlements of light whar he sees de stars ob beautiful thoughts a millun miles befo' dey git to him commin' on angel wings in beaus ob sunlight. Dis am de lickin dat falls lak a splinter ob star light to string de dewdrops ob de hart dat Sollerman drunk an' David sung to; dat Washington praised and Ole Hickery swore by. Head it am gennerman ob de jury,' and I pulled out dat decatur an' hole it befo' dey eyes an' it blin' em lak de sunshine risin' in de valley, 'Heah it am gennerman ob de jury,' I sed wid truf in its eye an' lub in its hart, de embodiment of de yuniverse. Taste it an' ef it am whiskey—dat stuff wid wild cats claws and debbils breath den send me up 'long wid po' white trash fur makin' wild cat whiskey es er groveller wid swine an' er eater ob husks. But ef it smells lak de bref ob infant angels, looks into your eyes lak de lakes ob lub, in de depths ob de blue eyed cherubins and tastes like de resurrected dream Grundy'."

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ARE YOU WISE A great many people suffer through ignorance. They don't know that for all inflammation there is no remedy to equal Mexican Mustang Liniment.



an easy way

and a sure way to treat a case of Sore Throat in order to kill disease germs and insure healthy throat action is to take half a glassfull of water put into it a teaspoonful of

Mexican Mustang Liniment

and with this gargle the throat at frequent intervals. Then bathe the outside of the throat thoroughly with the liniment and after doing this pour some on a soft cloth and wrap around the neck. It is a POSITIVE CURE.

25c, 50c, and \$1.00 a bottle.

IT MAY BE YOU have long been troubled with a running sore or ulcer. Treat it at once with Mexican Mustang Liniment and you can depend upon a speedy cure.



A Free Picture of Gen. Lee

Any veteran, who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas, April 22nd to 25th, will receive a handsome picture of General Robert E. Lee, and a copy of his farewell address (suitable for framing), if he will send us his name and address, and the name and address of the Camp to which he belongs.

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis. The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (twice each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis morning